Were Braſſe impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his Caſtle walles, and farewell King.
Couer your heads, and mocke not fleſh and blood,
With ſolemne reuerence throw away reſpect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but miſtooke me all this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taſt griefe, need friends: ſubiected thus,
How can you ſay to mee, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, Wiſe-men ne're ſit and waile their woes
But preſently preuent the wales to waile,
To feare the foe, ſince feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Giues in your weakeneſſe ſtrength vnto your foe,
And ſo your follies fight againſt your ſelfe:
Feare, and be ſlaine, no worſe can come to fight:
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death ſeruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King. Thou chidſt me well; proud *Bullingbrooke*, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This Ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An eaſie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, Where lies our Vnckle with his power?
Speake ſweetly man, although thy lookes be ſower.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauy eye:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to ſay,
I play the torturer by ſmall and ſmall,
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken:
Your Vnckle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Caſtles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King. Thou haſt ſayd enough:
Beſhrew thee Coſin which didſt lead me foorth

Of that ſweet way I was in to diſpaire.
What ſay you now? What comfort haue we now?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more,
Goe to Flint Caſtle, there ile pine away,
A King woes ſlaue, ſhall kingly woe obey:
That power I haue, diſcharge, and let them go
To eare the Land that hath ſome hope to grow:
For I haue none; let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſell is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege one word.

King. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue:
Diſcharge my followers, let them hence away,
From *Richards* night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire day.

Enter Bull. Yorke, North.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne,
The Welchmen are diſpearſt, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With ſome few priuate friends, vpon this coaſt.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord:
Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke. It would beſeeme the Lord *Northumberland*,
To ſay, King *Richard*, alacke the heauie day,
When ſuch a ſacred King, ſhould hide his head.

North. Your Grace miſtakes; onely to be briefe,
Left I his title out.

Yor. The time hath bin, ſhould you hane bin ſo briefe with (him
He would haue bin ſo briefe to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head, your whole heads length.

Bul. Miſtake not (Vnckle) further then you ſhould.

Yorke. Take not (good Coſin) further then you ſhould
Leaſt you miſtake the heauens are ouer your heads.

Bul. I know it Vnckle, and oppoſe not my ſelfe
Againſt their willes. But, who comes heere? *Enter Percy.*
Welcome *Harry*: What, will not this Caſte yeeld?

Hen. Per. The Caſtle is Royally mand my Lord.
Againſt thy entrance.